

UNCLE ASH'S LETTERS.

(Edited by Florence E. D. Muzzy.)

Tuerto, March 13, 1870.

Now, dear Simoon, prepare yourself for an effusion from your much-flattered, shamefully berated, unworthy beloved. My hands are stiff, my favorite pen in Santa Fe, it is cold and disagreeable and I never could write a decent hand anyhow. It is Sunday and I am alone. One of my partners has gone to the San Juan country on a prospecting tour and the other to the plaza—not to church, but, as I do firmly believe, to get drunk—as usual on Sundays. The wind is cutting up curious dices outside—howling among the huge pines, which shriek and groan like some mighty monster in agony. The mountain tops are capped with snow, and the saucy, prying wind hurls it down upon us in showers. I stopped here and went out at the call of my big dog, and killed a coyote, a small species of wolf. They are very cowardly, unless very hungry, when a large drove of them may get bold. There were 8 or 10 of these. The dog sometimes gets the worst of it, but hardly fails to kill one or two. While he has hold of one, the others tear his sides. But he never lets go, calls on me to help him on such occasions. Enough wolf!

Your invitation to mother's golden wedding was received yesterday, but dear hurricane, I could by no possibility have come on in time. I do most sincerely regret my inability to make one of that happy gathering. Talk about members of congress, why it is not better to be a counselor to lawyers than to be a lawyer whose ignorance compels him to appeal to a counselor! The Mexican population are predominant in our legislature. Why dear Tornado! I'm an oracle in this God-forsaken land! You should have seen the ambulance and four mules they sent out after your uncle, with an escort of two Mexican horsemen, old Padre Gallegos, ex-member of congress, now Catholic priest, and Cristobal Armijo, prefect of Bernalillo county inside! If it was in Estados Unidos I might feel proud, but here! you see I am waiting on a gold mine for present means, and upon the action of congress for permanent fortune. (Militia warrants.) I want to come home. When I do come with money enough to buy your boy a pair of red-topped boots! I cannot say that I ever cry to see my mother; but you know that you smudgy-faced little girls and us dignified men must perform exhibit our desires and emotions very differently. This is my home and will be until I make money enough to help supply you with chickens and those Grecian rear-extensions ("Grecian bend") which I never saw except in pictorials. They put me in mind of a house with a kitchen added, the addition considerably the largest. Do you know what I mean? You talk about getting married? Why I remember you a little weasened-faced squalling thing, kicking up your bare heels without any regard to decorum. And then you treated me very cavalierly. Never spoke to me intelligently. You looked very much excited. So much so, in fact, that I shrewdly suspected you were cursing me in some unknown tongue. You get married! Dare to do so and I will cut you off with a dollar and a quarter, if I can borrow the dollar and a quarter to cut you off with. So Uncle Rob tells you to Nebuchadnezzarize when you refuse to kiss him, does he? I would not do that you know. I can't eat grass—I'm not used to it as a diet, but I can kiss good girls. I'm used to it. Prefer it as a diet. Uncle Rob can revenge himself by inviting you to vegetate after the manner of the beasts of the field, but should Uncle Ash attempt it, there would be what Kit Carson would call a "difficult" in the family. Enclosed I send you a photograph of Brigham Young which he gave to me 5 years ago in Salt Lake City, at his own house. Pretty busy old fellow—only some 60 wives to keep in order. I have no pictures of my own, but I want you to send me one of yours in your next. I was the ugliest in appearance of the family and I want to tell you how much I have improved. I fear you will be sadly disappointed when you see me. I had my nose smashed in the South Pass of the Rocky mountains 100 miles from Salt Lake City in 1864. In doctoring it myself I left the marks of my lack of skill. Eight years ago I had my left eyebrow split open, and the scar shows very plainly. The other

eyebrow has been scarred a long time. So have my forehead and chin. And now two and a half years ago I was shot in the left cheek and in the breast with a small Smith and Wesson pocket pistol. Had it been a Colt's Navy you would never have received this letter. They left ugly scars. Both hands are somewhat broken up by contact with hard substances. It is impossible for one to travel as I have without having trouble occasionally, especially to one with an impulsive temper. With these denizens of the mountains and plains there is no other course than a fearless, independent one. Never to seek a quarrel, but once in, comfort yourself in such a manner that your antagonist will think twice before he renews the attack. I write this much about myself that you may understand something of my life and of the charm which keeps me here, and also that you may not expect when you meet me to see me looking as I did when I last left home. I look old I am past 41. I am disfigured—and don't look pretty worth a cent.

Your picture received, of which I am exceedingly proud. You may be sure that the counterfeit presentment was well kissed. Mr. B—, my partner, kissed it, and still lives! And then you should have heard his soliloquy, after the nefarious transaction. Here you and I, past 40 years of age, have wandered all our lives among Indians, Mexicans, thieves, murderers, and all the refuse of the earth, and how are we better off, except that we have gained knowledge by experience, which is no benefit to us. Poor, with no one hardly upon whom we can look with friendship or respect, and all this while we have such creations as that represented in that picture, at home who love us, and would welcome us with open arms vagabonds that we are, would we but consent to be so blest. He heaved a profound sigh and wished that he was 20 years younger. I could not but coincide with his dolorous conclusions and so I sighed in concert. If I am successful in my militia warrants, I intend to go home and see you all once more. How would that please you? I wish I knew something you could say to make me mad at you. I would surely prompt you. A little spat with you might clear the atmosphere. But I don't think it can be did if you are a bit like your mother, though she used to pull my ears and I used to retaliate by kicking her shins.

Neither Brigham, nor myself wrote his name on the photograph. It was his private secretary, Mr. Powell. If old Brigham had written it you could hardly have read it. He is an illiterate old rascal! He wrote to me once when I was at Cache la Poudre. If I can find the letter in Santa Fe, I will cut off the name and send it to you, also when I go to Santa Fe, get shaved, dressed up and bleached, I will send you my picture.

TWO AEROPLANES LOST ON MEXICAN DESERTS.

Columbus, N. M., March 21.—Two aeroplanes of the First squadron have been lost in flight en route from here for the front in Mexico. Captain B. D. Foulis, in command of the squadron, today reported their failure to arrive and said their whereabouts was not known. Six machines arrived safely. Exceedingly high winds have made the army airmen's tasks hazardous.

The loss of the two aeroplanes under present flying conditions is not considered as necessarily serious. A minor engine difficulty or a loss of the route by a few miles to east or west might cause many hours delay in the semi-desert country, where the machines are flying to the front. The country is difficult of access for repairs if engine trouble or minor accidents require the sending of mechanics to the stranded planes. Wind conditions are extremely variable so that a machine landing for a temporary stop might not find it advisable to risk rising again for resumption of flight.

The above dispatch was censored.

THE PREPAREDNESS PROGRAM.

The tax-payers are now able to sit in judgment upon the preparedness program. The army experts ask for 500 millions for the first year and 319 millions per year thereafter. This is for the army.

The Navy board, according to Admiral Fletcher (see press dispatches printed March 9) asks for one billion and a half to put the navy in proper

shape, and then 750 millions per year thereafter, to keep it up. This is not for an "incomparably" greater navy, such as the President asked for but simply for a navy that will EQUAL any other navies as they are NOW—not as they will be after we spur them on by our new policy.

In other words, the Army board and Navy board now demand that the annual appropriations for army and navy shall be MORE THAN QUADRUPLED, and that we shall permanently spend OVER ONE BILLION per year on army and navy. THIS IS MORE THAN TWICE THE NET INCOME RECEIVED BY ALL the farmers of the United States from all their crops—and yet the jingoes think any man who objects to the program is a "white-livered coward."

—W. J. BRYAN.

Christian & Co. INSURANCE.

FROM OBITUARY NOTES.
Engineering Record March 18, 1916.

Robert M. Jones, well known engineer of Denver, Colorado, died suddenly March 1st at Carlsbad, N. M., after a short illness. He had been in Carlsbad several months repairing the Tansill dam on the Pecos river when he was fatally stricken. Mr. Jones was born in Wayne, Ohio, in 1853, and began his engineering work as a U. S. deputy surveyor locating townships and territorial boundaries in New Mexico, Indian Territory and Wyoming. In 1880 he applied the Burt solar attachment to the transit and patented the Jones latitude arc for observing latitude at any time of day. In 1883 he built a steam power plant at Laramie, Wyo., and for several years devoted his efforts to erecting many similar structures. Mr. Jones was one of the first to see the possibilities of hydroelectric development and having the courage of his convictions, he financed the construction of the Big Cottonwood hydroelectric plant during the panic of 1893. This plant was designed to supply power to Salt Lake City, and although it was one of the first, it is still operating as a part of the Utah system. The Cottonwood plant was followed by the "Jordan Narrows" structure south of Salt Lake City and the plant of the Pike's Peak Power Company which was described in Engineering Record on page 50 of the issue of July 19, 1902. Mr. Jones located, designed and constructed the first plant of the Nevada-California Power Company after which he erected a specially designed structure for the Black Hills Traction Company. Since 1906 he maintained an office in Denver, acting as engineer in examination and design of many hydroelectric projects throughout the West and Mexico, and for several years he gave much of his time to the development of a process for making hollow reinforced-concrete poles, piles and pipe.

C. C. Cass was here from his ranch on Cass Draw Tuesday.

OFFICIAL CALL OF THE REGULAR BIENNIAL TOWN ELECTION

IN AND FOR THE TOWN OF CARLSBAD, AND NOTICE OF THE APPOINTMENT OF A BOARD OF REGISTRATION, JUDGES AND CLERKS.

The regular biennial town election, for the purpose of electing a Mayor, Town Clerk and Treasurer of and for the Town of Carlsbad, to serve for a term of two years; and for the further purpose of electing four Town Trustees, for said Town, to serve two years term, is hereby called for and will be held on the first Tuesday in April, A. D., 1916, as required by law.

Notice is hereby given that the following Board of Registration in and for the Town of Carlsbad, New Mexico, to register the qualified voters of said Town for the regular biennial election to be held therein on the first Tuesday in April, 1916, have been duly and legally appointed, by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Carlsbad, New Mexico.

BOARD OF REGISTRATION.
J. E. LAVERTY,
JOE PRATHER
JOHN BOLTON.

The place of registration for said Town of Carlsbad shall be at the Justice of the Peace and Sheriff's office, in the Court House, in Carlsbad, New Mexico.

The registration books shall be opened for registration of voters beginning at 9 o'clock, A. M., on the 13th day of March, A. D., 1916, at the place hereinbefore designated and will be closed on March 23rd, A. D., 1916, but a certified list of the voters registered will be posted for a period of six days thereafter outside of Court House, and at the South Front Door of Court House, (Old Building) in Carlsbad, New Mexico, during which time, any person noticing that his name is not registered may apply to have his name added thereto and placed upon said books, within six days after the posting of said Registration list, or the name or names of any other person or persons, who, within said six days, may be discovered not to be a legal voter, may be stricken from the list, by any member of the Board of Registration.

Notice is further given, that the following persons have been duly appointed, by the Board of Town Trustees of the Town of Carlsbad, by Resolution duly passed, as Judges and Clerks to hold and conduct the regular Biennial Election as required by law.

JUDGES
J. E. LAVERTY
JULIAN SMITH
FRANK H. RICHARDS
CLERKS
J. I. PENNY
JOE PRATHER

Done by order and resolution of the Board of Town Trustees of the Town of Carlsbad, New Mexico.
D. G. GRANTHAM,
Mayor Protem.

Attest:
JOE C. BUNCH,
Town Clerk and Recorder.

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WALTER PENDLETON

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO

PRISONERS FROM COLUMBUS.

Jail and Hospital Receive Members of Villa's Band Arrested After the Massacre. Hard Looking Specimens. Twelve Year Old Raider, Wounded in Leg, Cries for His Book, "A Fallen Idol."

—Deming Headlight.

Sheriff Simpson and his deputies arrived in Deming Wednesday with eleven federal prisoners from Columbus. All of them are Mexicans and are a partial result of the efforts of the officials to clean the town of suspects and undesirable. Six of them are now lodged in the county jail. The remaining five are severely wounded and were sent to the Ladies' hospital under guard. Of those confined in the hospital, one claims to have just come from Old Mexico looking for work, two were arrested near the station at Columbus, and tell a tale of a long hike from El Paso. One of this couple held in his possession a rifle which he said was used for shooting "rabbits". The other three told a story of being long employed in and around the town for many years. One of them, Alfredo Aregon, has been employed for some time past at the Columbus hotel. When searched in his room an office's shirt and a soldier's coat and pants were found. Also a ladies' mesh handbag and many other articles of loot were in his possession, as well as a bunch of skeleton keys. He was arrested by Deputy U. S. Marshal J. R. Galusha and was held to the grand jury in \$1000 bond.

In the Ladies' Hospital are the five Villa soldiers wounded during the raid. When brought in they were about the dirtiest looking humans ever seen in this village. With hair falling all over their faces, gaunt from hunger and covered with blood and dirt, they presented a most repulsive spectacle. Each one was given a bath and haircut and had their wounds carefully dressed. Nor could a soldier of our own wounded in defense of our beloved country have been treated with more tender hands than were these bandits by the doctors and nurses of the hospital, and one could but wonder what were the thoughts passing through the minds of these men, who but a few days ago had helped to murder and pillage other American men and women who had done them no harm than had these who tried only to succor. Hardly a groan escaped any of them while the doctors were probing their wounds and one even talked as the probe was inserted five inches into his skull where a bullet had lodged.

A pathetic incident that occurred during the movement of the prisoners to the hospital was the sight of a little Mexican boy, Jesus Rios, only twelve years old, crying and begging for mercy. This boy bandit believed that he was to be killed by the Gringos. With a bullet through his thigh and with his leg broken the boy told in Spanish to a reporter of the Headlight a story of how Villa, coming to his father's ranch, had promised work and money for his father and a chance to go to school for himself. Being very poor and with dreams of wealth before them, they had followed the bandits across deserts and mountains. Jesus was compelled to clean and care for a number of horses each day and when, after long marches, and from exhaustion, he fell from the saddle, he was beaten by the officers and compelled to go on. Twice as he talked he asked for a book that he always keeps with him and reads whenever he can. It is a story of India and is called "A Fallen Idol." In the telling of how they raided Columbus the child, for he is nothing more, said that Villa had promised every Mexican a white woman for himself as a prize for entering

on American soil. As he talked the opiates which the doctor had given him, were beginning to work, he shook himself together as if trying to tell all he knew. This is the boy who held the horse belonging to Pablo Lopez, second in command to Villa himself. As the shadows lengthened the little bandit spoke only in soft short sentences, the morphia was doing its work, he was almost asleep, but he roused himself and said: "Me bueno muchacho" ("I am a good boy") He was asleep. Pancho Villa has very very much to answer for to his God.

AN AEROPLANE MISHAP HAPPENS AT COLUMBUS. Columbus, N. M., March 21.—An aeroplane, one of six to arrive today, was partially wrecked in a fifty-foot fall. The pilot, Lieutenant T. S. Bowen, was injured but not fatally. Lieutenant Bowen was attempting to take the air under difficulties. The wind was high and showed a tendency to whirl. Several attempts of the aviators to fly past had been frustrated previously by the wind conditions. Finally, Bowen went up but when fifty feet in the air, his plane took a dip and plunged almost straight to the ground. Lieutenant Bowen's nose was broken, his right eye was slightly injured but otherwise, he appeared unhurt. The six machines which have arrived here were of the first aeroplanes squadron which last fall made successful flight from Fort Sill, Okla., to San Antonio. Cavalry unit, additional artillery has arrived at this base, a regiment of infantry is en route, another regiment of cavalry also is on the way. Villa was today reported defeated by Carranza forces at Cruces, just south of El Valle. American troops have been dispatched to the vicinity where Villa was reported as fighting with the constitutionalists. The Americans went in a separate flying column. It is understood here that constitutionalist troops have been dispatched to the same neighborhood to co-operate in attempting to trap Villa.

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